

## The Tragedy of Hamlet

*Fran.* Give you good night.

*Mar.* O farewell honest souldiers : who hath relieved you ?

*Fra.* *Bernardo* hath my place : give you good night. *Exit Fran.*

*Mar.* Holla *Barnardo*.

*Bar.* Say, what is *Horatio* there ?

*Hora.* A peece of him.

*Bar.* Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

*Hora.* What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night ?

*Bar.* I have seene nothing.

*Mar.* *Horatio* sayes 'tis but a phantasie,  
And will not let beliefe take hold of him,  
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of us ;  
Therefore I have entreated him along,  
With us to watch the minutes of this night,  
That if againe this apparition come,  
He may approve our eyes and speake to it.

*Hora.* Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare.

*Bar.* Sit downe a while,  
And let us once againe assaile your eares  
That are so fortified against our story,  
What we have two nights seene.

*Hora.* Well, sit we downe,  
And let us heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

*Bar.* Last night of all,  
When yond same star that's Westward from the Pole,  
Had made his courset illumine that part of heaven  
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe,  
The Bell then beating one.

*Enter Ghost.*

*Mar.* Peace, breake thee off; looke where it comes againe.

*Bar.* In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

*Mar.* Thou art a Scholar, speake to it *Horatio*.

*Hora.* Most like, it horrorwes me with feare and wonder.

*Bar.* It would be spoke to.

*Mar.* Speake to it *Horatio*.

*Hora.* What art thou that usurpst this time of night,  
Together with that faire and warlike forme,  
In which the Majesty of buried *Denmarke*

Did

## Prince of Denmarke.

Did sometimes march ? by heaven I charge thee speake.

*Mar.* It is offended.

*Bar.* See it stalkes away.

*Hora.* Stay, speake, speake, I charge thee speake.

*Exit Ghost.*

*Mar.* 'Tis gone and will not answer.

*Bar.* How now *Horatio* ? you tremble and looke pale :  
Is not this something more than phantasie ?  
What thinke you of it ?

*Hora.* Before my God I might not this beleewe,  
Withour the sensible and true avouch  
Of mine owne eyes.

*Mar.* Is it not like the King ?

*Hora.* As thou art to thy selfe :  
Such was the very armour he had on,  
When he th' ambitious Norway combated.  
So frown'd he once, when in an angry Parle  
He smote the flegded Pollax on the ice.  
'Tis strange.

*Mar.* Thus twice before, and jumpe at this same houre,  
With martiall stalk he hath gone by our watch.

*Hora.* In what particular thought to worke I know not,  
But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,  
This bodes some strange eruption to our State.

*Mar.* Good now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes,  
Why this same strict and most observant watch  
So nightly toiles the subject of the land,  
And with such daily cost of brasen Cannon,  
And forraine Mart for implements of warre ?  
Why such impresse of ship-wrights, whose sore raske  
Does not divide the Sunday from the weeke ?  
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste  
Doth make the night joint labour with the day ?  
Who is't that can informe me ?

*Hora.* That can I :  
At least the whisper goes so. Our last King,  
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,  
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbrasse* of *Norway*,

Thereto